# THE JEW

To the Curious,

Having nothing to read, I shall write. It is the same kind of pleasure, but the intensity is greater.—The stove is giving me a great deal of trouble. My feet are cold, and my head aches.

—Trieste, January 14–15, 1831

"I was a much better looking man in those days. . . ."

"'But you still look remarkably good.'

"Oh, but what a difference! I am forty-five, and then I was only thirty; it was in 1814. I had a fine physique and a rare beauty. But I was a Jew, and despised by you Christians, and even by other Jews, because I had been poor for so long."

"'It is the worst of wrongs to despise someone for—'

"Don't spout polite phrases at me. I feel disposed to talk this evening, and I am the type who is sincere when he does talk. Our ship is moving along well, the breeze is charming, and tomorrow morning we shall be in Venice. . . . But let me come back to the story about the curse we were speaking about, and my journey in France; I loved money mightily in 1814: it's the only real passion I have ever felt.

"I spent all day in the streets of Venice, carrying a little coffer with little gold gems on it; but inside a secret drawer, I had cotton stock-

ings, handkerchiefs, and other contraband English merchandise. One of my uncles, just after my father's death and burial, informed the three of us that we had only five francs apiece; this good uncle gave me a napoleon (twenty francs). During the night, my mother made off with twenty-one francs; all I had left were four francs. I stole a violin case that a neighbor had hidden in a garret; I went and bought eight red cloth handkerchiefs. They cost me ten sous, and I sold them for eleven. The first day, I sold out my entire stock four times. I hawked my handkerchiefs to the sailors by the arsenal. The merchant, surprised by my initiative, asked me why I didn't buy a dozen handkerchiefs at a time; his shop was a good half league from the arsenal. I admitted that I had only four francs to my name and that my mother had stolen twenty-one francs from me. . . . He gave me a great kick in the behind and threw me out of his shop.

"The next morning at eight, I nevertheless returned to his place; I had already sold the eight handkerchiefs I had bought from him the previous evening. Because it was hot, I lay down in the shade of the procurators' palazzos. I had survived, I had had some Chio wine, and I had saved five sous from my commerce of the preceding day. . . . And this is the kind of life I lived from 1800 to 1814. I felt as if I had been blessed by God."

At this, the Jew's face took on a tender expression.

"My little business prospered, to the point where I often doubled my capital in a single day. Often, I would get on a gondola and go off to sell stockings to sailors on their ships. But whenever I would manage to accumulate a little savings, my mother or my sister would find some pretext for reconciling with me and for going on to rob me. Once, they took me to a goldsmith's shop, picked up some earrings and a necklace, and went out as if they would come right back—but

then ran off, leaving me behind as a pledge. The goldsmith asked me for fifty francs; I began to cry, explaining that I had only fourteen francs on me. I told him where I kept my coffer, and he sent off for it; but while I was wasting all this time with the goldsmith, my mother had also made off with the coffer. . . . The goldsmith gave me a royal beating.

"When he tired of hitting me, I explained to him that, if he was willing to let me keep my fourteen francs and if he would furnish me with a little drawer into which I could fashion a hidden compartment, I would promise to pay him ten sous a day: and I never failed. The goldsmith eventually entrusted me with earrings worth almost twenty francs, but he never allowed me to make more than five sous profit from each piece.

"In 1805, my capital amounted to 1,000 francs. It occurred to me that our law commands us to marry, and I thought about carrying out this duty. I had the bad luck of falling in love with a girl of my race called Stella. She had two brothers, one of whom was a quartermaster for French troops, and the other worked for the paymaster. On many nights, they would all come outside in front of the apartment they shared on the ground floor near Saint Paolo. I came across her weeping there one night. I took her for a prostitute; she seemed pretty to me; I offered to pay her with six sous' worth of Chio wine. Her weeping redoubled; I told her she was a fool, and I moved on.

"But she had been really very pretty! The next night, at the same time, at about ten at night, having finished my sales at San Marco, I returned to the same place I had met her the night before; she wasn't there. Three days later, I was luckier; I talked to her at length; she repulsed me with horror.

"I thought, 'She must have seen me going by carrying my coffer

with its gold gems; she wants me to make her a present of one of my necklaces, and by God, that's exactly what I shall never do!' I resolved that I would not come down her street again; but despite that resolve and almost without admitting it to myself, I gave up drinking wine, and every day I took the money I would have spent on it and set it aside. I was even mad enough to keep the funds set aside and not to invest them in my business. In those days, monsieur, my funds tripled every week.

"Once I had saved twelve francs, which was the price of my ordinary gold necklaces, I went down Stella's street several times. At last, I encountered her; she rejected my gallant proposals with horror. But I was the best-looking young man in Venice. In our conversation, I told her that I had given up drinking wine for three months and had used the savings to pay for one of my necklaces, and I could offer it to her now. She did not reply, but she asked my advice about some trouble that had come to her since she had first seen me.

"Her brothers had conspired to clip some gold pieces they had managed to procure. (They plunged the pieces into a bath of aqua fortis.) The quartermaster had been put in prison, and the one who worked for the paymaster, for fear of drawing suspicions onto himself, didn't want to do anything to help. Stella did not ask me to go to the citadel; and I never spoke that word either, but I asked her to wait for me the following evening. . . ."

I said, "But we aren't getting any closer to your telling me about that curse you were under in France."

The Jew replied, "You're right; but if you are not willing to let me finish the tale of my marriage, which will not take long, I promise, I will stop altogether; I don't know why, but today I feel like talking about Stella.

"With a lot of effort, I arranged her brothers' escape. They granted me their sister's hand and brought their father to town, a poor Jew from Innsbruck. I had rented an apartment, with the rent, fortunately, paid in advance; I moved some furniture in. My father-in-law went to all his relatives in Venice announcing the marriage of his daughter. . . . Finally, but not until after an entire year of our taking care of him, on the eve of the wedding, he made off with more than 600 francs that he had gathered from his relatives. We had gone—he, his daughter, and I—to Murano to have a salad; that was where he disappeared. Meanwhile, my two brothers-in-law stole all the furniture I had brought into my apartment, which unfortunately had not been entirely paid for.

"My credit was ruined; my brothers-in-law, who had always been seen with me for the past year, went and told the furniture merchants that I was in Chiazza, where I sold everything off, and that from there I sent for more merchandise. . . . In a word, by dint of all these tricks, they had stolen more than 200 francs. I saw that I had to flee Venice; I got Stella a position as a children's maid with the goldsmith who had trusted me with the necklaces to sell.

"The next day, first thing in the morning, having settled all my affairs, I gave twenty francs to Stella, keeping only six for myself, and I fled. I have never been so ruined, and in addition I was considered a thief. Fortunately, I had an idea when I arrived in Padua: I would write to the merchants in Venice, the ones to whom my brothers-in-law had sold the merchandise. I knew that the next day there would be a warrant for my arrest and that the gendarmes of the kingdom of Italy were no small threat.

"A celebrated lawyer in Padua had gone blind; he had need of a servant to lead him about; but his illness had given him so foul a

temper that his servants never lasted more than a month. 'I'll bet,' I said to myself, 'that he won't be able to chase me off.' I entered into his service, and the next day, when no one had come to see him and he was bored, I told him my whole life story.

"'If you don't save me,' I told him, 'I'll be arrested one of these days.'

"He exclaimed, 'Arrest one of my servants! I know how to prevent that kind of thing.'

"And so, monsieur, I grew in his favor. He went to bed early; in time, I got permission to go out and do a bit of business in the Padua cafés, between eight o'clock, when he went to bed, and two in the morning, when the rich people left the cafés.

"In eighteen months, I accumulated 200 francs. I submitted my resignation; he replied that he had left me considerable capital in his will, but he would not allow me to leave. I asked myself, 'But why, then, did you let me go out and do business?' I ran off; I paid my debts in Venice, which greatly enhanced my reputation; I married Stella; I taught her the business; and now, she knows more about it than I do."

The people who had gathered to listen said, "Your wife, then, is Madame Filippo."

"Yes, messieurs—and now, we are coming to the tale of my journeys and then, finally, of the *curse*.

"I had capital of more than one hundred louis. Now, let me tell you a story about another reconciliation with my mother, who robbed me yet again and then had my sister rob me. I had left Venice, having seen perfectly well that as long as I stayed there, I would continue to be duped by my family; I set myself up in Zara, where I made out wonderfully.

"A Croatian captain to whom I had furnished some uniforms for his company said to me one day:

"'Filippo, how would you like to make a fortune? We're leaving for France. Listen: I'm a friend of Baron Bradal, the colonel of the regiment, though I must not appear to be so. Come along with us as our mess officer. You'll make a lot of money, but the job is only a pretext: I've pretended to quarrel with the colonel, but he has put me in charge of all the regiment's supplies. I need someone intelligent to help, and you'll be my man.'

"Well, what do you expect, messieurs? I no longer loved my wife."

"What!" I exclaimed. "That poor Stella, to whom you had been so faithful?"

"The fact is, messieurs, that by now the only thing I loved was money. *And oh, how I loved it!*"

Everyone began to laugh at that, at the passion the Jew had put into that exclamation.

"I was appointed mess officer; I left Zara.

"After forty-eight days' march, we came to Simplon. The 500 francs that I had taken with me in leaving Zara had grown to 1,500, and moreover I had acquired a very nice covered wagon and two horses. But my miseries began at Simplon: I almost died spending twenty-two nights sleeping outside in the cold."

"Ah!" I said, "so you had to bivouac."

"Every day I made fifty or sixty francs; but every night, in that intense cold, I was under threat of dying. At long last, the army crossed over that terrifying mountain; we came to Lausanne, and there, I connected with Monsieur Perrin. Ah, what a man! He was a brandy merchant. Myself, I knew how to sell in six different languages, but

he knew how to buy. Yes, an excellent man! But a little too violent. If a Cossack didn't want to pay for his drinks and he found himself alone in the shop, Monsieur Perrin would beat the man bloody.

"I would say to him, 'But Monsieur Perrin, my friend, we're making one hundred francs a day; what do we care if some drunk cheats us out of two or three francs?'

"He would reply, 'What can I do? It's stronger than I am: I don't like Cossacks.'

"'You're going to get us killed. My friend, how is it we're still in business?'

"The French food suppliers didn't dare come back to the camp, because they never got paid; we made huge profits; on our arrival in Lyon, we had 14,000 francs in our chest. There, out of pity for the poor French merchants, I did some smuggling. There was a great deal of tobacco outside the Saint Clair Gate; they came and begged me to get it into the city; I told them to be patient and wait two days until the colonel, my friend, took up his post as commandant. Then, during the following five days, I loaded my wagon with tobacco. At the gate, the French watchmen grumbled but didn't dare stop me. On the fifth day, one of them, who was drunk, struck me; I whipped my horse and tried to drive on, but the others, seeing me being thrashed, prevented me. I was bleeding, and I asked that they take me to the commandant of the neighboring guards; he was a member of the regiment but did not want to seem to recognize me, and sent me to prison. I said to myself, 'My wagon will be emptied and the poor merchants will be sacrificed.' On the way to the prison, I slipped two great ecus to my escort in order to be taken to see my colonel. In front of the soldiers, he treated me very harshly, adding a threat to have me hanged.

"But once we were alone, he said to me, 'Courage! Tomorrow I'll put another captain in charge of the Saint Clair Gate, and instead of one wagon, take two through.' But I didn't want to. I gave him 200 sequins as his share. 'What?' he said to me. 'You've given me all this trouble for this?'

"I replied, 'We have to take some pity on the poor merchants.'

"Our business—that of Monsieur Perrin and me—went on admirably all the way to Dijon. But there, monsieur, in a single night we lost more than 12,000 francs. The day's sales had been splendid: there had been a great military parade, and we were the sole suppliers; our net gain had been more than 1,000 francs. And that same day, at midnight, some miserable Croat wanted to get away without paying. Monsieur Perrin, seeing he was alone, leaped upon him, showering him with blows and leaving him bloody. I told him, 'Monsieur Perrin, you're crazy; this man drank a total of 6 francs' worth, true, but if you've left him with enough strength to complain about it, we're going to have a real uproar over this.' Monsieur Perrin had tossed the Croat outside the door of our shop, apparently dead but in fact only knocked out; he began to cry out; soldiers from the nearby bivouacs heard him; they came to find him lying in front of our door, covered in blood; Monsieur Perrin tried to defend himself and got himself slashed eight times with a saber.

"I said to the soldiers: 'I'm not the guilty one; he is; bring me to the colonel of the Croat regiment.'

"'We're not going to wake up the colonel for you,' said one of the soldiers. Try as I might to beg them not to, soon three or four thousand soldiers were ransacking our shop. The officers, who were at the rear of the crowd, could not penetrate far enough in to assert their authority. I thought Monsieur Perrin was dead; and as for myself, I

was in a pitiable state. Ultimately, monsieur, they pillaged more than 12,000 francs' worth of wine and brandy from us.

"At dawn, I succeeded in escaping; my colonel had provided four men to carry off Monsieur Perrin in case he was still living. I found him among a group of soldiers and brought him to a surgeon. I told him, 'We have to separate now, my friend; you're going to get me killed.' He reproached me bitterly for having abandoned him and for having told his assailants that he alone was the guilty one. But as I saw it, that was the only way to stop the looting.

"But Monsieur Perrin kept on insisting so strongly that in the end we started up a second business; we paid soldiers to guard our tavern. In two months, we had each made 12,000 francs; unfortunately, in a duel, Monsieur Perrin killed one of the soldiers who had been working as a guard for us since we started up our second business. 'You're going to get me killed,' I said to him again, and this time I did quit poor Monsieur Perrin. A bit later, I can tell you the story of how he came to die.

"I came to Lyon, where I bought watches and diamonds at a very good price, for I was good at dealing with all sorts of merchandise. You could set me down in any country with just fifty francs in my pocket, and at the end of six months I would have both survived and tripled my capital.

"I concealed my diamonds in a secret compartment I had built into my wagon. The regiment had left for Valence and Avignon, and I followed after three days in Lyon.

"But, monsieur, when I arrived at Valence at eight in the evening, it was dark and raining; I knocked on the door of an inn; no one responded; I knocked louder; they called out that there was no lodging

available for a 'Cossack'; I knocked again, and they began throwing rocks down at me from the second floor. 'Well, clearly,' I said to myself, 'I'm going to die tonight in this miserable town.' I didn't know where the commander in charge of the town was; no one wanted to talk to me; no one would serve as a guide for me. 'The commandant will be in bed,' I said to myself, 'and won't want to receive me.'

"Instead of dying, I saw that I would have to sacrifice some merchandise; I gave a glass of brandy to the sentinel, who was a Hungarian. Hearing me speak Hungarian, he took pity on me and told me to wait there until they came for me. I was dying of cold; finally, a corporal came for me. I gave him a drink, and then I gave one to the whole group of guards. At last, a sergeant conducted me to the commandant. Oh, what a fine man, monsieur! I did not know him, but he had me enter right away. I explained to him that, out of hatred for the king,[1] no innkeeper would give me a place to stay, even for pay. He exclaimed, 'Well, they will give you lodging for free, then!' He procured a fine billeting for me for two nights, and four men were assigned to accompany me.

"I returned to that inn on the large plaza, where they had thrown stones at me; I knocked twice; I said in French, which I speak very well, that I had four men with me and that if they did not open up, I would break down the door; no response. So we went off to find a good, heavy board, and we set ourselves to battering the door. It was more than half broken in when a man abruptly opened it. He was a big one, about six feet tall; he had a saber in one hand and a lit candle in the other. 'Now, there's going to be an uproar,' I thought, 'and they'll loot my wagon.' So, even though I had been given a free billeting, I cried out: 'Monsieur, I'll pay in advance if you like.'

"'Oh, it's you, Filippo!' cried the man, throwing down his saber and embracing me. 'What, my friend Filippo, don't you recognize Bonnard, the corporal of the Twentieth Regiment?'

"When I heard that name, I embraced him, too, and I sent the four soldiers back. Bonnard had lodged for six months at my father's house in Vicence.

"'I'll let you have my bed,' he said to me.

"'I'm dying of hunger,' I replied; 'I've been walking all over Valence for the last three hours.'

"'I'll wake my servant, and you'll soon have a supper.' At that he embraced me, and he never tired of looking at me and questioning me. I accompanied him down to the cellar, where he chose an excellent wine concealed under a layer of sand. As we drank and awaited supper, a beautiful young woman of eighteen came in to us. 'Ah, so you're up!' said Bonnard; 'So much the better. My friend, this is my sister; and look here, you ought to marry her; you're a good man, and I'll give her a dowry of 600 francs.'

"'But I'm already married,' I told him.

"'Married! Ha! I don't believe a word of it. Besides, where is your wife?'

"'She is in Zara, where she is tending to business.'

"'Well, let her go to the devil along with her business; stay here in France, and you'll marry my sister, the prettiest girl around.'

"Catherine was in fact very pretty; she gazed at me with her large eyes. 'Monsieur is an officer?' she asked finally, fooled by the greatcoat I was wearing, bought from the quartermaster in Dijon.

"'No, mademoiselle; I am the chief food supplier for general headquarters, and I have on my person 200 louis; I can assure you that

very few of our officers could say as much.' In fact, I had 600 louis, but one must be prudent.

"Well, what can I say, monsieur? Bonnard kept me from going away; he rented me a handsome little shop close to the guards and close to the gate, from which I sold to the soldiers; and though I did not continue to follow the army, I still had days on which I earned my eight or ten francs. Bonnard continued to say to me, 'You must marry my sister.' Little by little, Catherine had taken up the habit of coming to my little shop; sometimes, she would stay there for three or four hours. At last, monsieur, I fell madly in love with her. And she was even more in love than I was; but God gave us the grace not to lose our heads. 'How on earth can I marry you?' I asked her. 'I am already married.'

"'Didn't you leave your wife in Zara with all that merchandise? Let her live on then, her in Zara and you here with us. Go into business with my brother, or keep your trade separate from his; you're doing a good business, and you will do even better.'

"I should mention, monsieur, that I acted as a bank in Valence, and, by buying up solid letters of exchange on the Lyon bank, signed by businessmen whom Bonnard knew, I sometimes made 100 or a 120 francs per week.

"I stayed in Valence until the autumn. I didn't know what to do; I was dying with desire to marry Catherine, and toward that end I had given her a dress and a hat from Lyon. When the three of us went walking, her brother, she, and I, all eyes were on Catherine; she really was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She would often say to me, 'If you don't want me as your wife, I'll stay with you as your servant; but please, never leave me.'

"She would go to the shop ahead of me, to spare me the trouble of opening up for business. In short, monsieur, I was absolutely mad with love for her, and she was in a similar state, though we both continued to keep our heads.

"Toward the end of the autumn (of 1814), the 'allies' left Valence. I said to Bonnard, 'The other merchants in this town are going to kill me; they know about how I've made my money here.'

"'Leave if you like,' Bonnard replied with a sigh; 'I don't want to force anyone to do anything. But if you stay with us and marry my sister, I'll give her half of my holdings; and if anyone so much as speaks ill of you, I'll handle them.'

"I put off the day of my departure three times. At last, the final troops of the rear guard had moved on to Lyon, and I resolved on leaving. Catherine, her brother, and I spent a night in tears. What can I say, monsieur? I was turning my back on my happiness by leaving this family; God did not want me to be a happy man.

"I finally left on November 7, 1814. I will never forget that day; I could not drive my wagon; I was obliged to hire a man to drive halfway from Valence to Vienna.

"Two days after my departure, as I was hitching my horse in Vienna, whom should I see arriving at the same inn? Catherine. She rushed over to embrace me. They knew her at the inn; she told them that she had come to visit an aunt in Vienna. She kept repeating, as she wept hot tears, 'I want to be your servant; but if you don't want me, I will throw myself into the Rhone without going to see my aunt.'

"Everyone at the inn came out and crowded around us. She who was so reserved, who normally remained silent in front of strangers, now was speaking and weeping without restraint, embracing me in

front of everyone. I quickly got her to mount up into my wagon, and we drove off. A quarter of a league outside the town, I stopped. 'We must say goodbye to each other,' I told her. She said nothing further. She held on to me tightly, with convulsive motions. I was afraid: I could imagine her going to throw herself into the Rhone if I sent her away. I repeated it again: 'I am married, married in the eyes of God.'

"'Yes, I know that; I will be your servant.' I had to stop my wagon maybe ten different times on the way from Vienna to Lyon; but she would never agree to leaving. 'If I cross a bridge on the Rhone with her,' I said to myself, 'that will be a sign of God's will.'

"Well, monsieur, to tell the truth, without observing it myself, I found we had crossed the Guillotière Bridge and arrived in Lyon. At the inn, they took us for husband and wife and gave us just one room.

"In Lyon, there were a great number of merchants fighting over customers; I went among them and began selling watches and diamonds; I made 10 francs a day, and thanks to the admirable economy of Catherine, we spent only 4. I had taken lodgings that we furnished nicely. At that time, I had 13,000 francs, which, because of my banking business, brought in from 1,500 to 1,800 francs. I had never been so rich as during those eighteen months I spent with Catherine. I was so rich that I bought a little luxury coach, and every Sunday we would take drives outside the city.

"One day, a Jew of my acquaintance came to see me and got me to take my coach and accompany him a couple of leagues outside Lyon. There, he stopped me and said, 'Phillipe, you have a wife and a child; they are very unhappy. . . .' Then he gave me a letter from my wife and departed. I came back to Lyon alone.

"Those two leagues seemed endless to me. The letter from my wife

was full of reproaches, but they touched me less than the thought of the son I had abandoned! I saw from her letter that my business in Zara was going well enough. . . . But my son, whom I had abandoned! . . . The thought was killing me.

"That night, I was unable to speak, and Catherine noticed it. But she had such a good heart, such a sense of delicacy. . . . Three weeks passed without her asking the cause of my unhappiness; when she did, I said at once, 'I have a son.'

"'I guessed it. Let's go,' she said. 'I'll pose as your servant in Zara.'

"'Impossible: my wife knows everything; look at her letter.'

"The insults my wife used in the letter made Catherine redden, as did the contemptuous tone she used in speaking of her, whom she had never met. I embraced her and consoled her as best I could. But what can I say, monsieur? After that fatal letter, the three months I spent in Lyon were hellish; I could not decide which side I was on.

"One night: 'What if I left right now?' I asked myself. Catherine was sleeping deeply by my side. Once the idea came to me, it was like a kind of balm spreading through my soul. I thought, 'This must be an inspiration from God!' And as I looked at Catherine, I began to say to myself, 'What madness! I cannot do it.'

"And so the grace of God abandoned me, and I fell back into my bitter state of mind. But then, without quite knowing what I was doing, I began to get dressed quietly, keeping my gaze fixed on Catherine.

"I dared not open the desk; everything I had was hidden in the bed; there were 500 francs in the chest of drawers for a payment she was to make the next day in my absence. I took the money; I went

downstairs; I went to the shed where my wagon was, I paid to rent a horse, and I left.

"I constantly kept turning around to look behind me. 'Catherine will come running after me,' I thought to myself; 'if I see her, I am lost.'

"For a moment of peace, at two leagues outside of Lyon, I stopped at a posthouse. In my difficulties, I arranged with a driver to get my wagon and meet me at Chambéry; I would clearly have no further use for it; I can't recall what made me think this was a good idea. Once I arrived in Chambéry, I felt all the bitterness of my loss. I went to a notary and made out a document signing over everything I owned to 'Madame Catherine Bonnard, my wife'; I was thinking of her honor, and of our neighbors.

"When I had paid the notary and found myself outside holding the document, I felt I didn't have the strength to write to Catherine. I went back in the notary's and had him write to her in my name; one of his clerks accompanied me to the post office and mailed the packet in front of me. In a dark tavern, I had another letter written to Bonnard in Valence. I notified him of the transfer in my name, which amounted to 14,000 francs at least. I added that his sister was very ill in Lyon and was awaiting him there. I stamped and mailed this second letter myself. Since then, I have never heard anything about either of them.

"I found my wagon at the foot of Mount Cenis. I cannot recall why I was so attached to this vehicle, which was the immediate cause of my troubles, as you will see.

"The real cause was, no doubt, the terrible *curse* that Catherine had hurled at me. Young and impassioned as she was (she was just

twenty years old), beautiful, innocent—because she had had no other lovers before me, a man she wanted to serve and honor as her husband—because of all this, her voice no doubt found ready access to the ear of God, and she entreated him to punish me severely.

"I bought a passport and a horse. I don't know how I came to think of it, but when I realized at the foot of Mount Cenis that I was on a border, I had the idea of moving a bit of contraband with the help of my 500 francs; I bought some watches and put them in a secret compartment. I proceeded bravely right up to the border guards; the guards headed straight for my wagon; probably the watchmaker had sold me out; they seized my watches; I incurred also a fine of 100 ecus; I gave them 50 francs, and they let me go; I now had no more than 100 francs.

"This bad fortune woke me up. I said to myself, 'So this is how one is reduced from 500 to 100 francs in a single moment! I would happily sell off the horse and the wagon, but I'm a long way from Zara.'

"While this sinister thought was racking me with remorse, a guard came running up behind me, crying out and making me stop. 'You need to give me twenty francs, you dog of a Jew; the others back there tricked me, and I got only five francs while they got ten, and now I've had to go to all the trouble of chasing you here.' It was almost nightfall; the man was drunk and insulting me.

"'What!' I exclaimed to myself: 'now I have to reduce my poor hundred francs even further!'

"The guard gripped me by the collar; the demon tempted me; I stabbed him and threw him into the river, fifteen or twenty feet below the road; this was the first crime I ever committed. 'Now I'm lost!' I said to myself.

"As I neared Suze, I heard some noise behind me; I spurred my horse to a gallop; he took off so fast that I could not control him; the wagon tipped over, and I broke a leg. I thought, 'Catherine has cursed me; heaven is just; I'll be captured and hanged within two months.'

"None of that happened."